

# Taproot, Blue-Sky Research/What's Left

So you want more affection to add to your distractions contraction  
The snow it bleeds a sky so grey (today)  
Of memories what's lost not gained (pretty)  
Reliving awful yesterdays  
We can't see the other side  
We forget obstructed views can't see blue skies

No longer blind  
Paint a portrait to be seen (of hopes and dreams)  
Stain the canvas carelessly

So you plead for attention to add to this dimension contention  
The stroke of time just hides the safe (to reign)  
The choke of loss despise our taste  
And our soul's honest side  
Which leaves us just to be our own disguise

No longer blind  
Paint a portrait to be seen (of hopes and dreams)  
Stain the canvas carelessly (our enemies)  
Take the present as a gift (reversal)  
Make the message of what's left  
What's left  
What's left  
What's left

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